

# Edgefield Advertiser.

"WE WILL CLING TO THE PILLARS OF THE TEMPLE OF OUR LIBERTIES, AND IF IT MUST FALL, WE WILL PERISH AMIDST THE RUINS."

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SIMKINS, DUNN & CO., Proprietors.

## Literary Department.

BY MISS CLARA V. DARGAN.

### Salutatory.

It gives us pleasure at this particular juncture, shut out as we are from the rest of the world, and entirely dependent upon ourselves for literary journalism as well as every thing else, to add our mite in the noble work of forming the Literature of the South. Much has been said of genius unappreciated in our midst, of rare minds "wasting their sweetness on the desert air"—pardon the threadbare quotation—and we cannot but admit the truth.

When we consider the scanty provision made for the accommodation of this very genius—the few periodicals of real value established in the Southern Confederacy, we readily perceive the cause and not the effect of this dormant and uncultivated talent we so much deplore.

Then, friends, to the rescue! We do not propose in our unpretending corner of the "Advertiser" to astonish the world with any such display of this "awakening genius" as might provoke the envy of the "London Eclectic" or "North British Review"; but simply to afford a pleasant hour to those who turn wearily aside from the troubled questions of the day, and seek a few moments' rest for mind and body around the quiet fireside at home. We are sure our Southern sisters will appreciate this effort on our part.

And the little children—we will not forget them. Get your slates and pencils, Fannie and Charlie, for we mean to give you some of the most impossible (?) enigmas you ever saw, besides other little remembrances of more value than puzzles. And so, without further flourish of trumpets, we salute our readers, and hope that our intercourse will be mutually pleasant and beneficial.

### "Gone to the War."

BY CLARA V. DARGAN.

"Who has gone to the war?"  
Come with me, and I will tell you.  
How cold and dark it is! The rain drops drearily from the wintry sky, and the wind is rising. Here by these embers sits a pale woman. See how thin those small hands are! The grey hair folded over her meek face was once as sunny and luxuriant as yours, child, and her faded eyes as bright. Time and sorrow have blanched the one, and dimmed the other; the poor wear their silver on their brows.

She is sewing, and tears fall thick and fast on the coarse garment as she thinks of him whose form it is to clothe, tho' weary marches, and bloody battles; and which, perhaps, may be—his shroud! "The only son of his mother, and she a widow!"

Draw the candle closer, the light is dim—all light is dim now-days. Something has clouded her sight. She wipes her spectacles and replaces them; it is now near midnight, and no time to be lost. Is not her only son crouched beneath this wintry storm without a garment to shield him? Poor as is her fare, hard as is her lot, sad as is her fate, is not his harder, poorer, sadder? God help these, poor mother! Who knows but this very night that idol may be lying low on some bloody field with the pitiless rain beating into his glazed eyes!

Yet she does not despair; God gives her hope—faith—trust. Listen, she sings in her trembling voice:

"Ye faithful saints, fresh courage take,  
The clouds you so much dread,  
Are big with mercy, and will break  
In blessings on your heads.  
His purpose will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower."

Turn to this picture.  
It is a bright, pleasant room. The fire crackles merrily, and the pine torches cast their cheerful glow over the scene. You hear children's voices—sweet and infantile, mingled with their mother's gentle accents. There is no carpet on the floor; the costly Brussels is now the soft resting place for many a wounded and weary soldier. Nor are there any luxuries on that board which once graced with rare viands. "My husband is a soldier," this sweet-voiced wife says, with an intonation of womanly pride, and a smile of womanly tenderness, "and I cannot enjoy these things while he endures hardships."

You say she has a pretty hand. Yes, it is small and lady-like, but not so white as they once were; they do not lie idly in her silken lap now. Night and day she labors with her hand-irons, and those delicate fingers are familiar with the needle, the shuttle, and the distaff. See how deftly they ply those steel weapons, the most effectual in the hands of a Southern woman.

The children are gathered round her feet; they are talking of "Father." Lizzie wonders if he is not asleep and dreaming of them; little Maimie hopes it is not raining there; and Willie asks earnestly if Mamma thinks he will be old enough to "go to the war" by next year. Mamma smiles and says "Perhaps so!" but there is a tear in her eye as she remembers him so far away from his home and loved ones.

Noble woman! Tender wife! If thy prayers and tears were pearls strung on a golden

chord, they would reach from earth to Heaven, and bind the wanderer fast to the Eternal Throne of God!

But come with me once more. The rain still falls, and the wind wails. A young girl stands at the window watching the storm. There is warmth and light below, and all is cheerless in that upper chamber; kind words and loving smiles await her, but she lingers here. What holds her in that hand clasped close to her heart? Ah, it is a letter; there is a little pile of them on the table tied with a blue ribbon, and a brown curl nestles close beside. Watch how tenderly she smiles as she takes it up, and the silken shreds cling lovingly to her finger-tips.

Ah, Maiden, do not hope too much! There are terrible dangers yet to pass; inhuman enemies, to face; disease and death—sickness and sword; and if these spare him, there are changes—changes—changes! He may return with his handsome face scarred with glorious wounds; those clear eyes may be forever darkened; that proud step may move feebly in the place of that lean right arm may hang an "empty sleeve"—these things would but endear him to you. But if he comes with a strange and cruel tale written upon his once noble brow—if he comes a devotee of that enigmatical goddess who sets up her altar in the midst of the camp, and lures on young souls to eternal destruction—better for him to have offered an unstained life to Liberty, and died gloriously a patriot and hero. Oh, let him return pure, or return no more!

Son, husband, lover, all gone—"gone to the war." God knows how we sit here at home with fearful eyes and trembling hearts listening for that awful word "Dead!" Give us grace, O Father, to bow submissively to Thy will.

For the Literary Corner.  
MISS CLARA: I desire to call your attention to the following lines which I pluck from a poem contributed to the *Field & Fireside*:

"For the peace shall have blushed in an August sun,  
On the cottage lawn green the elm,  
The South shall cease her death and Han  
Like a drunkard stagger with wine."

It was a hopeful as well as a poetical mind that indited this stanza; but I fear the prophecy is wide of the mark. The writer makes the prediction, on the high ground that the "new born nation" is to "grace his train" while the "demons of darkness fly." Here alas! is the difficulty, mountain high, that gives me pause: A new born Nation must not at all be convulsed in this connection, the idea of a nation politically regenerated, but also of a nation morally and religiously regenerated. If I am right, where is the present prospect of so happy a result? Echo, looking out upon the undisputed reign of *Ammon* in all the land, answers tremulously, "where?"

But it is God all things are possible; and let the sisters of the South lift up their hearts in prayer to the Great Disposer of all things, that He may visit our land with that "Day Spring from on High which alone can regenerate and exalt our poor fallen humanity."

It occurred to me to write this brief comment upon the pretty lines I have quoted, as a tool for reflection to the men and the women, ay, and also to the children of the South.

MIRA.

**Resignation in Times of Sore Trouble.**  
It was a remark of John Newton, that "we require, comparatively speaking, only an ounce of grace to do the will of God, but a pound to bear it." Never were the Christians of the South plunged into circumstances which rendered this "pound of grace" more necessary than now. Our ship of state rides on "a sea of blood, ploughed into such deep furrows as have almost sunk it;" and who can have the assurance that there are any forms of calamity and anguish which may not overtake him? Looking on these evils, only from the earthly side, "the noblest nature may catch a wrench" may be entrapped into sinful expediency before the lowering clouds, or into sinful expedients to clear them from the sky.

The only effectual safe-guard against such perversion, lies in the spirit of unfeigned resignation to the will of God—the spirit enforced by one of the old English writers:

"Still rattle for good the meditating voice,  
But leave to heaven the measure and the choice;  
Explore His aid, in this decision rest,  
Secure, whatever He gives, He gives the best."

This was the spirit displayed by Mary Steverson, after languishing for twelve months on the couch of a slow but painful illness. To her mother she said: "I am very happy, and quite resigned; but this is not of myself. I have never before spent a year so comfortably as the last, though it has been a year of great affliction. I have not a wish for anything but the Lord's will."

Does it not become us, then, at such a crisis as the present, to join with Mrs. Pearce in the prayer which she borrowed from Mrs. Rowe? "If thou wouldst permit me to choose for myself, I would resign the choice again to Thee. I dread nothing more than the guidance of my own blind desires. I tremble at the thought of such a fatal liberty. Alas, gracious God, that miserable freedom! Thou forestall all events, and at one single view dost look through eternal consequence; therefore, do Thou determine my circumstances, and not to gratify my own blind desires, but to advance Thy glory."

Whatever betides, may our inmost heart

re-echo the sentiment embodied in lines written—it is said, with a pin—by Lady Jane Grey, during her imprisonment, and since rendered from Latin to English, as follows:

"Harmless all malice, if our God be nigh;  
Fruitless all pains, if He His help deny;  
Patient, I pass these gloomy hours away,  
And wait the morning of eternal day."

**The Women and the Private Soldiers.**  
The following is an extract from a private letter written by an officer now in the army to his wife:

"You are the most incorrigible patriot I know. Hang me, if I don't believe you would sacrifice me for the cause. These women, as old Stein used to say, 'are devils!' but if they were entitled to that distinction in times of peace, they are certainly the incarnate deities of a revolutionary war. I do not say this in disparagement of the sex; for I really believe that if we ever achieve our independence, the glory of it should belong to the women and the private soldiers of the South. The great work will be due to the ungrudging spirit of devotion and sacrifice animating the women and stimulating and supporting the tireless energy and heroic endurance of the soldiers. Take my word for it, the people who stay at home, have no conception whatever of the splendid metal of our soldiery. The tones it sends out when struck by the wild hand of war, will ring through all history in a purer and grander key than was ever realized in the olden ages of chivalry. The mailed warriors of ancient romance were sickly children of sentiment compared to the stern manhood and unconquerable grit of Southern soil."

"For my part, there are but two classes engaged in this war who command my respect and admiration—women and the private soldier. I love, cherish and obey the first as a Christian gentleman, and I honor and reverence the last as the only living impersonation of a pure and unselfish patriotism. May God protect their lives, and give to their country that peace and independence for which they are so nobly struggling."

**FIDELITY.**—Never forsake a friend. When enemies gather thick and fast around him, or sickness falls on his heart, when the world is dark and cheerless, this is the time to try friendship. "They who turn from the scene of distress or offer reason why they should be excused from extending their sympathy and aid, betray their hypocrisy, and prove that selfish motives only prompt or move them. If you have a friend who loves you, who has studied your interest and happiness, defended you when persecuted and troubled, be sure to defend him in his adversity. Let him feel that his friendship was not lavished on you for naught."

Real fidelity may be rare, but it exists in the heart. Who has not seen and felt its power? They only deny its worth and power who have never loved a friend, or labored to make one happy. The good, the kind, the affectionate, and virtuous, see and feel this heavenly principle, for heavenly it is; it is fruit gathered from a sacred germ planted by heaven in the heart.

And true fidelity has its reward. It may be slighted by some, overlooked by others, but pure-minded men cherish a fond and undying love for it.

As the diamond found in the darkness of the mine, as the lightning shoots with the most vivid flashes from the darkest cloud, so does fidelity proceed from a heart susceptible to the call of the deepest melancholy, and shows itself brighter and stronger in the adversity of a friend.

**Delusions.**

Nothing is more abundant these days than delusions, of which there are two sorts, one springing from erroneous reports, and the other from error of judgment, or "miscalculation of forces." Of the first kind, the mass meeting, which Gov. Foote proposed to hold over the good news from Kentucky, is an amusing illustration. Of the second, we have two very curious instances in Mr. Lincoln's Secretary of State, and Mr. Davis' Secretary. From the beginning, each of these gentlemen has persistently maintained in the face of facts, and in spite of last sixty days. Mr. Seward assured all foreign Governments, in innumerable despatches, that the rebellion would be crushed in sixty days. Mr. Benjamin never lost an opportunity of convincing every man who would listen to him, that European intervention and peace were inevitable in the aforesaid magical sixty days. But the sixty days of both the honorable Secretaries have repeated themselves some dozen times, and the important event predicted is as remote as ever.

Mr. Benjamin's delusion is not so funny as that of Gov. Foote; but it may be that both of these shall have the laugh on their side in the lapse of time.

But, as to Seward, it would be well for him if he could escape as the victim of a delusion. On his skirts is more blood than on those of any other man on this continent; and as sure as there is retribution on earth, or a God in heaven, a bloody doom awaits him. Cowardly as cruel, he may dodge and twist, recant his opinions and disavow his agents, but the inexorable furies are on his track. The evil passions he has aroused will not be appeased; the blood he has shed will not sink unavenged. The monsters he has engendered

will rend him. If justice did not admonish, history would teach him what will be his fate. Richmond Whig.

**Order of Gen. Banks.**  
The Mobile Advertiser & Register has the following from the New Orleans, La., Delta, of Jan. 29th:

**GENERAL ORDER NO. 12.**—The following proclamation of the President of the United States, dated Jan. 1, 1863, is published for the information and government of the officers and soldiers of this command, and all persons acting under their authority.

It designates the portions of the State of Louisiana which are not affected by its provisions: The laws of the United States, however, forbid the officers of the army and navy to return slaves to their owners, or to decide upon the claim of any person to the service or labor of another.

The inevitable condition of a state of war invariably deprives all classes of citizens of much absolute freedom of action and control of property, while loyalty, law and continued peace guarantee and secure them.

The forcible seizure of fugitives from service or labor by their owners, is inconsistent with these laws and a condition of war.

Officers and soldiers will not encourage or assist slaves to leave their employers, but they cannot compel or authorize their return by force.

Negroes who leave their employers will be compelled to support themselves and families by labor upon the public works.

To secure the object both of capital and labor, the Sequestration Committee is authorized and directed, upon a conference with the planters and other parties, to propose and establish a yearly system of negro labor which shall provide food, clothing, proper treatment and just compensation for negroes at fixed rates, on an equitable proportion of the yearly crop as may be deemed advisable, and when accepted by the planters or other parties, faithful service and abridgment shall be enforced on the part of the negroes and officers of the Government.

To secure their payment, the wages of labor will constitute a lien upon its products. Quartermasters of this department are charged with the duty of harvesting corn on deserted fields and cultivating abandoned estates. Unemployed negroes will be engaged in this service.

By command of Maj. Gen. Banks.

**A. T. STEWART BUYING ALL THE COTTON GOODS.**—The New York correspondent of the Boston Journal, writes to that paper as follows:

Mr. Alexander T. Stewart, the dry goods millionaire of this city, has refused to sell cotton goods at any price. He has been recently engaged in buying up all the goods he could purchase. Empty stores have been taken, warehouses rented, and filled to the rafters with goods. This done, he closes sales and waits for coming events. It is well known that Mr. Stewart's connection with the government is such that he has early information of changes to take place, of movements to be made, and the signs of the times are within his vision. He has had the monopoly of one kind of goods for which the sale has been great, and the past year has been to him probably the most successful year he has ever known. Over fifteen millions dollars' worth of goods he has sold within the year 1862, and when he holds up and refuses to sell a class of goods, men begin to open their eyes. If we have a battle and do not win, cotton goods will run up like gold.

(Georgia has sent into the field since the opening of the war nearly eight regiments of infantry, thirteen battalions of artillery and infantry, a number of cavalry regiments, several independent companies, who have been attached to regiments from other States, and a large number of volunteers who have connected themselves with companies from almost every State in the Confederacy. Besides these, she has for some time been furnishing conscripts, and is still daily doing so, in large numbers, from every section of the State, to the extent of her capacity. Georgia has not only done this, but she has armed and equipped from her own resources, more than thirty thousand of the men whom she sent into service at the beginning, or first year of the war.

**BRAGG AND HIS GENERALS.**—We learn from an unquestionable source, that on the arrival of Gen. Bragg at Tallahassee, he addressed a circular letter to his generals, in which he desired to know if there was any foundation for the rumor prevailing, that there was dissatisfaction and a want of confidence in him, existing in the army? All the Generals with the exception of Withers and Cheatham replied in the affirmative, stating that such was the case, and that it would be to the interest of the service if Gen. Bragg would ask to be relieved.

It is further stated that none but Generals Polk, Withers and Cheatham concurred in the proposition to retreat from Murfreesboro, all the other Generals not only being opposed to it, but the majority of them were not even consulted on this point. General Withers in his statement in this regard was therefore entirely mistaken.

The scorpion, falsehood, coils round in its perplexity, and fixes its sting in its own head.

What is time worth? Ask death-beds;—they can tell.

### Another Letter from Bill Arp to Mr. Linkhorn.

The following which we copy from the Rome (Ga.) Southern, though in a style which the fastidious may not wish to cultivate, is equal to the letters of Jack Downing, whose popularity extended wherever the English language was read:

Mr. Linkhorn, Sur:—Are it not possible that you are up to too much proklamation? More'n 18 months ago you published an edict, ordering the boys to retire and be peaceable, but they dis-retired and went to tick. The effect was bad, very bad. Now you're proklaming that niggers are free after January, and I'm afeared it will prove a fee simple title for all time.

Every free nigger will git in the kotton patch now, shore; for the tarmal rebels do every thing by kootrars. Niggers hav ris 20 per cent and are growin more darker and more blacker every day. A big plantation now looks like the sun wer in a klipse. Your proklamation hav entaled Afriky uppon us so strong that you kin actually smell it. Tippio says (we call him Tip for short) that he be personally interested, and thinks you had better make em free fast, and ishru your proklamation afterwards. Gen. Hunter tried it your way and over krapped himself. Tip never got no free papers at all.

Mr. Linkhorn, Sur: I'm afeared you've taken in more ground than you kin tend. You're trying to do too much at onst. Gen. Hunter tried your plan and koudent work it over three States, so you had better pralitis on homopathy doses. If you'll begin on Dade kounty you kin tell what your masheen will do, for that aint but one nigger thar, and they keep him in a kage as a kurosioty. Or may be you had better experiment on dogs first. If you could manage to give em all hydrofoby I think it would work, and then you might try it on the niggers and other horned kattle. If they wont aksept your freedom, why, let em alone. It is useless to kull em if they wont kum. I wont hearn a feller in a theatour say he koud kull spirits from the nasty deep, but the sperits never kum, and he never got nary drink—so go it gently, Mr. Linkhorn, but do it shore.

The world, the flesh and the devil are kalking to you to extend the egis of freedom uppon all kreshun over "hings animals and in animals, over bull bats and screech owls, grub-worms and grind stones, niggers and alligator, and everything that dont spill as the yearth turns up side down. You'll have a free fite, Mr. Linkhorn, in doin all this, but never mind—pitch in—grate is your reward.

Mr. Linkhorn, Sur: It are amazin to think what a big gob you have under'ook. It are a big gob shore. Matthy Matticks nor his daddly koudent figger how long it will take you to rit ten akkordun to your feebul progress. The double rule of 3 wont tick it, nor tare and tret: Great Bethel! what a power of work! Hedent you better sublet the kontrakt to sum Uropean Nashuns? Shore as you're born, you'll need a heap of undertakers before U finish your overland march. If U koud march like Jackson it would do, but U kant. Dr. Battey says that Jackson's troops take the gowt if they rest 24 hours.

Mr. Linkhorn, Sur: You people git more stubborn every day. They go mity nigh kant and say they're savin their sundy klose to wear to your hanging. They just glory in livin on half rations and stewn salt out of their smoke house dirt—they say they rather fite U than fed U, and sware by the gost of Kalkoun they will eat roots and drink branch water the balance of time before they die-nasty. Chick-abominy! what a gob you've undertook!! Do I kanible help you any? I hearn tell he jest sot in the kornor of your offis all day long, and never sed a word but nigger, nigger, and that since your proklamation his face has turned darker and his hair more kinkly.

Mr. Linkhorn, Sur: Hav you any late news from Mr. Harper's ferry. I hearn that Stone W Jackson kept the payrolls for a few days and that about 14,000 crossed over in 24 hours. He's a smart ferryman shore—Do your folks know how to make it pay? It are a bad cross in, but still, I suppose, are a heap safer than Balls bluff or Shepherdstown. Them's dangerous fords, Mr. Linkhorn, shore, and I'm afeared if your folks keep crossin sich sickly rivers, like the Potomak and Chickibominy, you'll have all the skum of your populasun killed up, and will have to enkroach on your good soclety.

Mr. Linkhorn, Sur: Your Generals don't travel the right road to Richmond no how. The way they've been tryin to kam are thru a mity Longstreet, over two powerful Hills and across a tremendous Stone-wall. It would be safer and cheaper for em to go round by the Rocky Mounting, if spending time in military exkursions are their chief objek.

But I must klose this brief epistle. I feel very gloomy, Mr. Linkhorn, about this destruktiv war, and haint no heart to write much. As General Dyrson sed, "I aint now what I use ter was, and my sperits are plutterin faint and lo."

Yours till deth,

BILL ARP.

P. S.—How are Bill Sourd? I hearn that a mad dog bit him the other day, and the dog died immedietly. Are it a fak?

BILL ARP.

### List of Acts

Passed at the session of the Legislature of South Carolina begun November 24, 1862, and ending February 6, 1863.

**ACTS ORIGINATING IN THE HOUSE.**  
1. An Act to extend some of the provisions of an Act, entitled "An Act in reference to the suspension of specie payments by the banks of this State, and for other purposes," to the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four.

2. An Act to grant the aid of the State to the Cheraw and Coal Fields Railroad Company.

3. An Act for the appointment of Commissioners of the Poor for Lancaster District.

4. An Act to refund the Soldiers' Board of Relief for Barnwell and Laurens Districts, and for St. Mathew's and Christ Church Parishes, moneys advanced and expended by them as Boards of Relief out of their private funds.

5. An Act to establish and re-charter certain Roads, Bridges and Ferries, and for other purposes.

6. An Act to vest in the Confederate Government a part of the Columbia Canal for the term of twelve years.

7. An Act to charter the Palmetto Exporting and Importing Company.

8. An Act to provide for the appointment of Commissioners of the Poor for Darlington District and Chesterfield District.

9. An Act to charter the Atlantic Steam Packet Company of the Confederate States.

10. An Act to incorporate certain Religious and Charitable Societies, and to renew and amend the charters of others heretofore granted.

11. An Act to incorporate the Edisto and Ashley Canal Company.

12. An Act to provide for a guaranty by the State of the bonds of the Confederate States.

13. An Act to authorize the Bank of the State to increase its issue of small bills.

14. An Act to authorize the issue of Stock for the purpose of continuing the construction of the new State House.

15. An Act to confer the rights of legitimacy on Mary C. Daniel.

16. An Act to amend an Act, entitled "An Act to provide for the payment by the State, of the War Tax of the Confederate States, and for the collection of the same from the tax-payers in this State."

17. An Act to provide for the payment by the State of such War Tax as may be imposed by the Congress of the Confederate States during the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and for the collection of the same from the tax-payers in this State.

18. An Act to enable the citizens of the State, who are engaged in military service, to exercise the rights of suffrage.

19. An Act to provide for a guaranty by the State of the Bonds of the Confederate States.

20. An Act to raise supplies for the year commencing in October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two.

21. An Act to make appropriations for the year commencing in October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two.

**ACTS ORIGINATING IN THE SENATE.**

1. An Act to incorporate the Wando, Wambaw and Winyah Canal Company.

2. An Act to continue of force an Act, entitled "An Act to authorize certain Building and Loan Associations to suspend the call for monthly instalments."

3. An Act to increase the fees of Sheriffs for detaining persons confined in jail.

4. An Act to amend the charter of the Bank of Charleston, South Carolina.

5. An Act to provide against deaths of sailors.

6. An Act to amend an Act, entitled "An Act to make appropriation in aid of the families of soldiers," and to repeal an Act entitled "An Act to afford aid to the families of soldiers," ratified on the twenty-first day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one.

7. An Act to incorporate with uniform right, power and privileges Protestant Episcopal Congregations in South Carolina.

8. An Act to prevent and punish the planting and cultivating in this State over a certain quantity of cotton, during the present year.

9. An Act to authorize the Banks of this State to purchase Confederate and State securities.

10. An Act to amend an Act, entitled "An Act to authorize the City Council of Charleston to issue and put in circulation, notes redeemable in taxes or dues to the city," ratified the twenty-first day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one.

11. An Act to declare the law in relation to the proceedings of the Executive Council.

12. An Act to continue in force an Act, entitled "An Act to extend relief to debtors, and to prevent the sacrifice of property at public sale."

13. An Act to vest the title of the State in certain escheated property in Rose Ann Carnigiam and her heirs.

14. An Act to amend an Act, entitled "An Act to organize and supply negro labor

and coast defence in compliance with regulations of the Confederate States," and to authorize and direct the Governor, to proceed to furnish negro labor under said Act.

15. An Act for "the better organization of the Militia and for other purposes."

16. An Act to prevent Extermination and punish Extortioners.

**AN ACT TO PREVENT AND PUNISH THE PLANTING AND CULTIVATING, IN THIS STATE, OVER A CERTAIN QUANTITY, OF COTTON, DURING THE PRESENT YEAR.**

I. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives, now met and sitting in General Assembly, and by the authority of the same, That, during the war in which we are now engaged, it shall not be lawful for any person or persons, during the present year, whether residing in this State or not, to plant and cultivate in this State, by themselves, their agents or employees, or to flow the same to be done, a greater number of acres of land in Cotton, than three acres of short staple or one and a half of long staple for each hand owned or employed by them in agriculture between the ages of fifteen and fifty-five; and when said person or persons may own or employ hands over fifty-five years of age and under sixty-five, or over twelve years of age and under fifteen, two of said hands shall be counted as one hand: Provided, That nothing contained in this Act shall be construed to affect the right of any white person himself to plant and cultivate Cotton according to the rate herein prescribed.

II. That every violator of this law shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof, shall be fined the sum of five hundred dollars for each and every acre so planted above the number specified; such penalty to be paid to the Soldiers' Board of Relief of the District where such conviction takes place.

III. That after warrant issued against any person or persons, for a violation of this Act, it shall be the duty of the Clerk of the Court of General Sessions and Common Pleas, for the District in which the offence is charged, upon the application, under oath of either party, prosecutor or defendant, to issue a Rule of Survey, in the case, giving five days' notice thereof, to the opposite party; the costs of such Rule and Survey to be taxed in the Bill of Costs, upon the final adjudication of the case.

IV. That all owners of slaves or employees shall give in, on oath to the Tax Collector, the number of hands owned or employed by them in agriculture, between the ages of twelve and fifteen, and fifteen and fifty-five, and fifty-five and sixty-five, each year during said war, under a penalty of one hundred dollars for each hand, to be recovered as specified in the former sections of this Act.

V. That the Judges of the Courts of Common Pleas and General Sessions be required, to give this law specially in charge to the Grand Jurors, at each term of their Courts, during said war with the Abolitionists.

**AN ACT TO AMEND AN ACT ENTITLED "AN ACT TO MAKE APPROPRIATION IN AID OF THE FAMILIES OF SOLDIERS, AND TO REPEAL AN ACT ENTITLED AN ACT TO AFFORD AID TO THE FAMILIES OF SOLDIERS," RATIFIED ON THE TWENTY-FIRST DAY OF DECEMBER, IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD ONE THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED AND SIXTY-ONE.**

Be it enacted, by the Senate and House of Representatives, now met and sitting in General Assembly and by the authority of the same, that the provisions and benefits of an Act entitled "An Act to make appropriation in aid of the families of Soldiers," and to repeal an Act entitled "An Act to afford aid to the families of Soldiers," ratified on the twenty-first day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one, be and the same are hereby extended so as to include the families, resident in this State, of the Soldiers, Sailors and Marines, who shall be in the Army or Navy of the Confederate States, or in the service of the State of South Carolina, or who shall die, be killed, or disabled in the service of either, at any time during the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, anything in the said Act to the contrary notwithstanding; and that the 7th Section of the said Act be amended as follows: That upon the organization of the respective Boards they shall forthwith report the same to the Comptroller General, with the Post office address of the several officers of each Board.

In the Senate House, the sixth day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and in the eighty-seventh year of the sovereignty and independence of the State of South Carolina.

W. D.